Faith infringed: which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me.
Bero. Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace hast thou thus to reproue
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the Boyes,
And *Criticke Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*,
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breast:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy iest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane?* or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand, a

foote

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a stat
legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fa
A true man, or a theefe, that gallo
Ber I post from Loue, good L

Enter Iaquenetta and

Iaque. God blesse the King.
Kin. What present hast thou
Clow. Some certaine treason.
Kin. What makes treason her
Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir
Kin. If it marre nothing neith
The treason and you goe in peace
Iaque. I beseech your Grace
Our person mis-doubts it: it was t
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer.
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Iaque. Of *Costard.*
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of *Don Adramadio, D*
Kin. How now, what is in you
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: y
Long. It did moue him to passio
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing,
Ber. Ah you whoreson logger h
shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lac
messe.
He, he, and you: and you my Lied
Are picke-purses in loue, and we d
O dismisse this audience, and I sha
Dum. Now the number is euen
Berow. True true, we are four
Kin. Hence sirs, away.
Clo. Walk aside the true folke,
Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3